

## A TRADITION

What I am about to write here is a tradition, and I believe it to be all true. I suspect that it has never been written down before.

When our fathers came to the Valley of Virginia, they settled near Staunton. One day four buffaloes passed near the settlement. Some of the men followed the buffalo. They passed out of the valley through a gap in the great North Mountain. The herd consisted of a bull, a cow, a large calf and a smaller calf. The men overtook the buffalo on the bank of a river where the larger calf was killed.

The bull and cow passed on to another river where the cow was killed. The bull went up this river to the forks and then up the west fork. There he was overruken and killed.

On the way back home in a gap of the mountain the hunters killed a panther.

The settlers then named the gap through which the buffalo had passed out of the valley "Buffalo Gap". They named the trail "Buffalo Trail". They named the panther "Panther Gap". They named the trail "Buffalo Trail". The river on which they killed the calf they called the "Little Calf Pasture". The stream on which they killed the larger calf they called the "Big Calf Pasture". They named the river on which they killed the cow, the "Cow Pasture", and where they killed the bull, the "Bull Pasture". These places are known by these names to this day.

It was the old east and west trail leading from the Valley of Virginia to the Ohio River. You think it came by Marlinton, but I do not think so, though I never heard anything to the contrary. From the nature of the country I suspect it went up Heaver Creek. It must have passed through the gap on Knappa Creek. The near cut down the Alleghany mountain at the Ryder Pass is said to have been a part of it. It went up Jack Mountain near the Gateway Mill. It topped Jack Mountain where the road is now. Then it descended on the east side down the hollow north of the present road, coming to the river on the Irine place. Thence it went up the Warm Spring Mountain up the hollow north of the present road. Then down the east side, mostly north of the present road.

Just before it came to the Panther Gap, one branch separated from the main trail, near where the old furnace stack stood, passed through the draft along the foot of Mill Mountain, and came out on the big river at Fwings Mill. It went on up the river and passed into the valley through Jennings Gap.

The main trail passed through Panther Gap on the little river over the divide and through the Buffalo Gap.

The thing which does not look right is that it does not seem that so small a herd of buffalo would have been together, but there may have been more, and only that number were killed.

While the trail which passed through the Panther Gap and the Buffalo Gap was called the main trail it was said that the trail through Jennings Gap was much more used by travelers after the white men began to use it. Twenty-five miles a day was regarded as an average days travel on trails.

Where the trail went after leaving Huntersville, I do not know, but I feel sure it must have gone down Heaver Creek.

There were two old trails through the Little Levels. One was along the foot of the Little Mountain; the

other along the east side. I suspect that one or both of them were parts of the old trail. That which would have been no trouble to have found out fifty years ago, may never be known now. This will extend your road to Huntersville several miles.

If you go to Staunton through Panthers Gap and Buffalo Gap you will never be more than half a mile off the old trail except the short distance where the road loops around the spur of Jack Mountain.

When you speak of grinding up the stone on the trail for fertilizing purposes, I do not know of any which would pay. But there is a bluish, greenish colored stone there which contains considerable fertilizing properties. One analysis gave both phospho lo-oid and potash. It lies clear below the fossiliferous lime; below the honey comb. It carries a great deal of the water. In that country, and crops out in many places where there are springs.

I studied Dana's Geology. While he knew many things, there were a whole lot more which neither he nor anyone else will ever know.

I was led to write this from reading the article by Professor Humphreys concerning Anthony. I had heard the story of Anthony substantiated as he told it, and I have seen the place where Anthony was said to have swum the creek. I never knew before Anthony was an Indian.

Even after reading Professor Humphreys' article, no one would have known that Anthony was an Indian if he had not expressly so stated.

I suspect the Indians who chased Anthony were a war party on the war trail, and they found him watching that trail about the mouth of Spice Run.

But the men who knew about those things are gone and they told not the things they knew, because they never thought that there might be others who did not know them.

I am sorry to hear of Lock McClintic's death. Lock was a gentleman, so born. That is more than you can say of most men.

Some months ago, while half awake but while the sub-conscious mind yet prevailed, I said to my wife there is something desperately the matter with Lock McClintic. I just dreamed that his brothers E. I. and George and Withrow and myself were riding horses as fast as they could run to his help. We left the McClintic house on Swago and passed the Swago Mill. Then the dream faded out and I became half awake.

W. A. Dunlap

Ponca City, Okla.  
The reason that we think the Kentucky trail came by Marlinton is the fact that it climbed the Swago Mountain and that if the trail had gone down Heaver Creek it would have had to turn north again to reach the road that ran round the rim of the Levels. Then too the trail would have followed the valley to Marlinton for the same reason the present highway does to enable those to reach it quickly who turned north. Men are still living who remember hearing men say that they have seen western Indian parties pass through the Kee flats overlooking Marlinton.

Miss Margaret Lee, who has been employed at DuBois, Pa., the past year has been visiting her parents near Huntersville. On her way back she expects to stop in Pittsburgh and spend a few days. Miss Lee was accompanied home by Charles London. They drove from DuBois here in twelve hours; a distance of 350 miles.

C. C. Cutlip of Spice was in town last Thursday and qualified as administrator of the estate of the late J. W. Wickline.

## Pocahontas Memorial Hospital

Payment on pledges due June 15th. If you made no pledge your Board of Directors solicit your most loyal support and co-operation.

### FROM UNCLE JOHNNY

Some one has remarked that he that can sing and won't sing should be made to sing. Then some one has declared that he who can't sing and will sing should be sent to Sing Sing. I know of no penalty for the poor cuss who can't sing and yet persists in trying. Neither do I know of any law that prohibits one trying to write who can't write. If I did, I would not violate that law as often as I do.

I am sometimes requested by the children to write something for their amusement. So this narrative is written for the children.

When I was a little boy, scarce four years old, there lived within two miles of our home a spinster lady noted for her mindful disposition. She dearly loved children and she often came to our house to play with us.

This lady was so rough in her play that the only difference between her and a full grown bear was that the bear would have more teeth and claws.

One time she came to our house when we children had two puppies that we thought a great deal of. She had two small dogs with her, one she called Coly and the other Penny.

It happened on that day that my mother was dying cloth with red dye. This lady to tease us declared she was going to cut the heads off the puppies. So she picked them up in her apron and, seizing an axe in one hand, she started for the woods at a rapid gait. We children tried to overtake her, but we were soon left far behind. She went a considerable distance in the woods and concealed the puppies in a hollow log.

She then returned to the house another way, leaving us children to search for our pets. She dipped the axe in the kettle of red dye and laid it down. We soon returned from our futile search, and we looked for blood on the axe. Sure enough the tell tale blood was found.

We held a council of war, and we decided to take the law in our own hands, and administer swift retribution to the unspeakable tormentor. It was decided that my sister was to kill one of her little dogs and my brother was to kill the other, while the more important job of dispatching the author of our troubles was left to me.

We proceeded to arm ourselves for the fray. My brother and sister each secured a club they thought was ideal for killing little dogs, while I got a big gut that my father used to split logs.

As my brother and sister would raise their clubs to strike the little dogs, she would call out "Oh, you would not kill poor Penny and Coly for what I done, will you?" And the clubs would be promptly lowered.

She was setting on the ground and she did not notice that I was approaching from behind. When I got

### FOR COUNTY COURT, REPUBLICAN TICKET

GREENBANK DISTRICT  
Durbin—M. C. Smith 20; P. D. Moore 33  
Dunmore—Smith 25; Moore 25  
Cass—Smith 15; Moore 14  
Thornwood—Smith 3; Moore 4  
Boyer—Smith 8; Moore 10  
Husterman—Smith 5; Moore 0  
East Cass—Smith 21; Moore 41  
Bartow—Smith 13; Moore 17

EDRAY  
Marlinton—Smith 53; Moore 30  
Elray—Smith 19; Moore 13  
Linwood—Smith 2; Moore 5  
Cloverlick—Smith 0; Moore 7  
W. Marlinton—Smith 38; Moore 10  
Buckeye—Smith 43; Moore 0  
Woodrow—Smith 15; Moore 2  
Hannah—Smith 19; Moore 11  
Alderny—Smith 14; Moore 2  
Mace—Smith 1; Moore 1

HUNTERSVILLE  
First—Smith 18; Moore 43  
Huntersville—Smith 19; Moore 20  
Thorny Creek—Smith 6; Moore 2  
E. Buckeye—Smith 13; Moore 0  
Minnelaha—Smith 12; Moore 13

LITTLE LEVELS  
Millpoint—Smith 22; Moore 3  
Hillsboro—Smith 29; Moore 3  
Lobelia—Smith 28; Moore 0  
Seebert—Smith 25; Moore 10  
Beard—Smith 8; Moore 2  
Droop—Smith 20; Moore 1  
Totals—Smith 526; Moore 362  
Majority, Smith 164

close enough I raised, on my toes and gave her a blow that laid her prone on the ground. My mother rushed to the rescue before I could give the finishing blow.

She was badly hurt. My mother administered camphor and bound up her bleeding scalp. When she recovered from the shock she told us where to find the puppies. We soon found them. They were howling loudly and striving to get out of their prison in the hollow log. We were three very happy children when we unhooked that log and our pets bounded out to greet us. We bore our pets home in triumph.

This was a long time ago, but I learned a lesson that day that I have never forgotten. That lesson is that it never pays to make sport at the expense of children.

I do not know whether this woman was benefited by this sad lesson or not. I am sure she never forgot it. Of course, she admitted that it was all her fault, and we were as good friends as ever.

After I grew to manhood I spent several years in the West. When I returned my old friend was still living, though quite frail. One day as I was passing a house, where she was visiting, and some one told her I was passing. She called, "I see you have no gut, and I want to shake hands with you." We talked and laughed about the time I tried to kill her.

Dear old friend; years ago she crossed the chilly waters. It is still a pleasure to think of her. Her home was a children's paradise. As I look back through the mists I imagine I can see her breaking up a cake of tree sugar and dispersing it among a crowd of clamorous children.

"Backward, turn backward, Oh time in your flight."

If I could brush away the sixty-four years that intervene, and could be permitted to live over one day of my childhood, I would want to spend that day at the home of my old friend. As I cannot go back I must content myself to cherish the memory of this old friend, ever generous, kind and true.  
J. N. Adkison.  
Marlinton, W. Va.

### SHIP YOUR CREAM

How do you market your butter? Have you ever tried to ship the cream? It is much better than making the cream into butter. Less work and you get about the same price for your butter fat. I believe a trial of shipping cream would convince you of the advantages. The cream companies pay the transportation to and from your shipping point. The county furnishes a small market for the butter you make and it is soon overstocked and you cannot sell your butter. You can ship all the cream you have. Quite a number of farmers are doing this and find it to their advantage. Ship your cream and give it a trial and see how you like it. See the service companies at Marlinton or Seebert.  
J. H. Miller  
County Agent

Miss Clenna Meadows of Hinton, arrived here last Wednesday to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Meadows.

## DIED

John Wesley Kinnison, aged 78 years, a prominent citizen of the Little Levels, died on Friday, June 8, 1928. For many months he had been in failing health. On Sunday afternoon his body was buried in the McNeil graveyard, the service being conducted from his home in the presence of a large congregation. The deceased was the son of the late John B. and Ida Morrison Kinnison. Of his father's family there remain three sons, Thomas J., George A., and D. M. Kinnison. His wife was a Miss Hill daughter of the late George Hill. She and their three children, Mrs. Edwin Bruffley, Mrs. Roy Bradley and Guy Hill survive. Mr. Kinnison was a leading citizen of his community, and a good man in every respect. He had been a life long member of the Methodist church.

George W. Cook, aged about 82 years, died at his home on Stony Creek, June 9, 1928. He has been in ill health for several years. Burial at the Mt. View Cemetery on Sunday afternoon. He is survived by his aged wife and one daughter, Mrs. C. J. Pritt, of Marlinton. Mr. Cook was an industrious honest citizen. He was a native of Missouri, and he had been a resident of Pocahontas county for many years.

On the morning of June 10th, God sent His death angel to the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Ralston of Cass, and taken from them their little daughter, Anna Mayo, aged three years. She had only been sick a short time and her death was a shock to her loved ones and friends. Mayo was a sweet little child and to know her was to love her.

She leaves to mourn their loss her parents, five sisters and one brother. These have the sympathy of the entire community in their sad bereavement. And may they look to Him for comfort who has said "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Another little lamb has gone. To dwell with Him who gave Another little darling babe Is sheltered in the grave. God needed one more angel child Amidst His shining band, And so he bent with loving smile, And clasped little Mayo's hand.  
A. B. B.

### IN MEMORY

"Sing softly, softly, heavenly gate, Thy portal passed no more to roam; Our traveler finds her journey o'er And rest at last in Home, Sweet Home."

One of our most faithful members, Mrs. Della Edgar Hill, slipped quietly away from us and entered her Heavenly home on April twenty-seventh, nineteen hundred twenty-eight. Her going has left a vacancy in our society and in our hearts that can never be filled. We loved Mrs. Hill for she was always thoughtful, considerate, and sympathetic toward others. She said at one time, "I can't understand why everybody don't love everybody else." We shall greatly miss her cheery presence, for she radiated sunshine wherever she went. It was the delight of her life to work for her Master, and unless providentially hindered, she was always found in her place.

She was never known to refuse a task she could possibly perform. Often she went beyond her strength in working for our society, but without a complaint and with a smiling face resigned herself to results.

A good woman, a true friend, a beautiful soul has been welcomed into the presence of the King. The trophies of her many years of "purposeful christian living" are a rich heritage to her church and an abiding benediction to all who knew her. "She lives on earth in thought and deed as truly as in heaven."  
The Ladies Aid Society  
—Mrs. J. L. Barter, Mrs. Ira D. Hill, Mrs. S. E. Neal, Committee.

Misses Lucille Bright and Anna Ward left Saturday for Athens where they will attend summer school.

1903 1928



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Marlinton, West Virginia

## CHURCH NOTES

Marlinton Presbyterian Church  
Rev. K. V. Bowen, Minister  
Bible School 9:45

Morning Worship at 11 a. m.  
Christian Endeavor 7:15 p. m.  
8:00 p. m. Preaching  
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 8:00 p. m.

Marlinton Methodist Church  
Rev. S. K. Neal, Pastor  
Sunday School 10:15 a. m.

A. S. Overholt, Supt.  
6:45 Junior Epworth League  
7:15 p. m. Senior Epworth League  
Preaching 11:00 a. m.

There will be no evening preaching on account of Nazarene Tent meeting.

Durbin Charge M. E. South

L. S. Shires, Pastor  
The Kingdom Builders' of Montebrey, Virginia, will continue the revival services during this week and through two services Sunday at 3 p. m. and 8 p. m.

Swago Presbyterian Church  
Rev. M. P. Calhoun, Pastor  
Preaching service every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock.

Sunday School attendance last Sunday—Methodist, 274; Presbyterian, 168.

Childrens Day service at Indian Draft Sunday School on Sunday afternoon, June 17, at two o'clock promptly. All are invited.

Durbin—Although the Kingdom Builders of Montebrey are active business men, yet their consecration to God and their passion for souls of men lead them to continue the services at Durbin M. E. Church, South. They came Friday evening, June 8, for a service. Paul Slavin was their leader. Their message from the Scriptures and their per capita testimonies made a deep impression on the congregation. There was wonderful power in the service. Three persons definitely accepted Christ and a large number asked for prayer. The Kingdom Builders came again for two services on Sunday, June 10, at 3 and 8 p. m. Their leaders were Dick Hevener and Paul Slavin. They hold up a high standard of Christian life and tell of the real joys of such a life. The secret of the wonderful power of the Kingdom Builders with men is found in their deep prayer life and in living up themselves to the standard they hold up to their congregations. By their full consecration to God and faithfulness to the work he calls them to do they have been led into lines of service they never dreamed they were capable of doing. And yet they are humble men. They testify that unless they had the prayers of each other in their organization of their wife, and mother and children they could not undertake it.

One of the leaders gave us the following definition of a Christian: "A person—through whose mind Jesus thinks, through whose heart Jesus loves, through whose voice Jesus speaks, through whose hands Jesus helps others."

One among the many impressive scenes in the service Sunday was witnessed when Clyde Herold told how his life and talents had been saved to God and his services by the Kingdom Builders and by his little boy. He called his little boy to the pulpit and as they stood there together he told how his little boy had led him to Jesus, and how he prayed for his father when he was out in service doing God's work. He then gave an impassioned plea for parents to lead their children to Christ.

Another scene which touched the hearts of the people was experienced when the leader called Harry Burner and his boy to come to the front and tell the congregation about their conversion and the joys they were experiencing in salvation.

Many Christians have declared that they are done with the half-hearted Christian life. Deep interest is manifested throughout the community in

## CHRIST FOR ALL—ALL FOR CHRIST

The Word of God  
BIBLE THOUGHT AND PRAYER  
If parents will have their children memorize a Bible selection each week, it will prove a priceless heritage to them in after years.

LAW OF LOVE—Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.—Romans 13:10.

PRAYER.—May our love, O Father, be such in power and practice that all men shall know that we are the children of God.

the revival.  
The Kingdom Builders are continuing the services each night this week and through two services next Sunday, June 17, at 3 and 8 p. m.

### CAMP JACKSON'S MILL

The boys and girls are not the only ones going camping. Fourteen volunteer leaders attended the conference at Pence Spring. A like number 2 going to Jackson's Mill for the Volunteer Leaders Camp, June 12, 13, 14. Florence Howard, Mrs. G. M. Sharp, W. A. Hively, Lucille Gibson, R. M. May, Geraldine Haupt, Glen Tracy, Ruby May Hannah, Ruth Gibson, Mrs. E. J. Wilson, N. B. Fertila, Mamie Whiles, Mrs. F. B. Hunter. They will leave Tuesday afternoon and return the following Friday week. Pocahontas will be represented at the Older Girls Camp, June 25 July 6. The following club members will attend: Geraldine Buckley, Pauline Cunningham, Gairol Poage, Imogene Robinson, Margaret VanRensselaer, Opal Barlow, Dameron Barlow, Virginia Callison.

Ernest Angelo, State Game and Fish Commission, Mrs. Gadd of State Health Department and others will be with us for the county camp which comes the weeks of July 16 21 and 23 28.

### OUR COLORED FRIENDS

A beautiful program was rendered Sunday at Brownsburg Methodist Church by the children and was largely attended by both white and colored.

Rev. I. H. Goodwyn preached a special stirring sermon Sunday at the Baptist Church.

Mrs. Edna C. Knapper left Sunday morning for West Virginia College Institute.

Osborn Carter and family from Franklin was visiting his mother, Mrs. Grace Johnson and friends Sunday.

Charley Murry of Lawton, W. Va. made a short call at the home of George Roland, Sunday.

Miss Eva Jackson and Hayden Tibbs have returned from W. V. C. I. at Institute; and we are proud of the progress they made while there.

Sidney Goodwyn has returned home from attending the graduation of his sister Lottie Goodwyn at Stoyer College.

Braxton Vaughn is still on the sick list.

John Crum of Cass, made a flying trip to Marlinton Sunday.

Miss Mattie Gilmore is still visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Gilmore.

Childrens Day at Pleasant Green Church Sunday at Seebert. You are invited.

### TELEPHONE DROPS

1 cup granulated sugar, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup butter, 1 1/2 cup molasses 1 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon cloves, 4 eggs, 5 cups flour, 1 1/2 teaspoon soda, 1 1/2 cup warm water, 2 cups raisins. Cream butter and sugar drop with spoon, bake in flat pan.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter McAllister, and Bob Wright of Childsburg, Va., and Mrs. Laura Hart of Thornburg, Va., have returned to their home after spending at Mrs. Val Fortune.

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